

CHOICE ETCHINGS



BY
PROMINENT ARTISTS

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BY PROMINENT ARTISTS

IMPORTANT PLATES

BY

HAMILTON HAMILTON

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY

J. A. S. MONKS

S. G. McCUTCHEON

JOSEPH PENNELL

WALTER

CHARLES

J. S. KILGORE

J. J. CANNON

KATHERINE



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CHARLES VOLKMAR
J. S. KING
J. J. CALAHAN
KATHERINE LEVIN



NEW YORK

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1886

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CONTENTS.

A MORNING WALK.

Drawn and Etched by Hamilton Hamilton.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Drawn and Etched by J. Wells Champney.

DRIVING SHEEP.

Drawn and Etched by J. A. S. Monks.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Drawn and Etched by S. G. McCutcheon.

THE PONTE SAN TRINITA.

Drawn and Etched by Joseph Pennell.

THE EVENING STAR.

Drawn and Etched by Walter Satterlee.

THE DUCK'S PARADISE.

Drawn and Etched by Charles Volkmar.

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT.

Drawn by Rembrandt. Etched by J. S. King.

THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

Drawn by Fortuny. Etched by J. J. Calahan.

GRANDPA.

Drawn by Hugo Kauffmann. Etched by Katherine Levin.

A MORNING WALK.

Drawn and Etched by Hamilton Hamilton.

A MORNING WALK.

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THERE is little to be said in description of "A Morning Walk," and the etching may be allowed to tell its own story, according to the fancy of the individual beholder. The etcher, Mr. Hamilton Hamilton, was born in England, near Kew Gardens, London, in 1847, but when only an infant his home was changed to a red-roofed farmhouse in Cowlesville, Wyoming County, N. Y. Mr. Hamilton says: "I never had any instruction. In my early work in Buffalo I had invaluable aid from some of the artists there, and in later years, of course, I have learned from the work of others. But I never received a formal lesson in art in my life." Mr. Hamilton's first painting was a sketch of the farmhouse and orchard at Cowlesville. This was exhibited and sold at Buffalo in 1871. Soon afterward the artist opened a studio in Buffalo, and for a time devoted himself to portrait painting. In 1875 he visited the West, where he spent two years in studying the scenery of the Rocky Mountains. One result of this journey was a large painting, "The Laramie Peaks," which was sent to the Centennial Exhibition, and afterward presented by the painter to the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. This Academy owns another painting by Mr. Hamilton, called "After the Storm, Essex County, New York."

When the artist first went abroad, in 1876, he was attracted to Pont Aven, in Brittany, that favorite haunt of painters, and there he was associated with a stimulating company of French and American artists. A year and a half later he returned to Buffalo, where he remained—with the exception of one or two visits to Colorado—until 1880. In this year he established himself in New York. He exhibited with the American Water-Color Society for the first time in 1881, and since that time he has yearly exhibited oil paintings as well as water-colors. "Caught in a Shower," his Academy painting in 1883, was purchased by Mr. Temple, of Philadelphia, who placed it in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr. Hamilton's interest in etching is comparatively recent. One of his first etchings, called by the artist "Waiting for the Cue"—a title changed by the publisher to "Will He Consent?"—met with an encouraging degree of success. This was after one of the artist's water-colors. Others of his reproductive etchings are after Mr. W. T. Smedley's "Embarrassment," and Miss Gabrielle Clements's "Curfew"—both plates of unusual size. Mr. Hamilton is a member of the American Water-Color Society, the Salmagundi Club, and the New York Etching Club.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Drawn and Etched by J. Wells Champney.

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WHETHER Mr. Champney's subject is the familiar character of a "decayed gentleman," or a modern Traphagen, his little economies dictated by parsimony, or merely the typical "forlorn old bachelor," prosaic to the last degree, is something which the artist leaves his audience to settle for themselves. Mr. Champney sketches the subject as "an old man mending trousers, sitting in his picturesque drawers, in a dark old attic—possibly an artist, as he is sitting on a folding chair; possibly a noted retired army officer who has come to grief. May be he gambled, may be he speculated, or lost his money in the Marine Bank."

By such humble necessities even that flower of chivalry, Don Quixote, was sorely perplexed when, "on pulling off his stockings—Oh, direful mishap, unworthy of such a personage!—forth bursts, not sighs, nor anything else unbecoming the purity of his manners, but some dozen stitches in one of his stockings, giving it the resemblance of a lattice window! The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had just then a drachm of green silk—I say green because his stockings were of that color. . . . He now laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, not more for lack of Sancho than for the misfortune of his stocking, which he would gladly have darned, even with silk of another color—that most expressive token of gentlemanly poverty!"

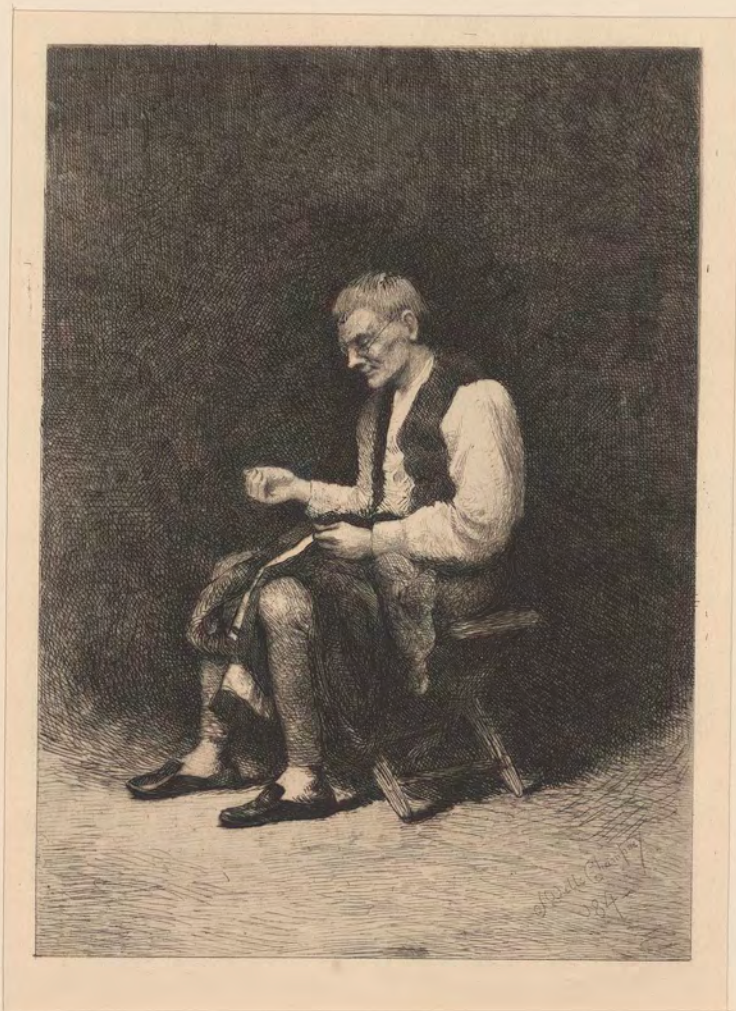
Let us trust that our amateur with the needle is at least so fortunate as to match his colors, that he may not appear in rainbow-hued nether garments. At best, however, he has too much reason to appreciate Cervantes's apostrophe, "Accursed indigence, why dost thou intrude upon gentlemen, and delight in persecuting the well-born in preference to all others? Why dost thou force them to cobble their own shoes, and on the same threadbare garments wear buttons of every kind and color? Why must their ruffs be for the most part ill plaited and worse starched? Wretched is the poor gentleman who, while he pampers his honor, starves his body; dining scurvily or fasting unseen with his door locked; then out in the street he marches, making a hypocrite of his toothpick, and picking where, alas! there is nothing to pick! Wretched he, I say, whose honor is in a state of continual alarm; who thinks that, at the distance of a league, every one discovers the patch upon his shoe, the

greasiness of his hat, the threadbareness of his cloak, and even the cravings of his stomach."

The etching in itself is another illustration of the versatility of the art, as varied, it may be said again, as the individualities of etchers. Elsewhere this collection shows examples of drawing chiefly in outline, as in pen-and-ink, of sketchy nervous treatment, and of a carefully elaborated working out of the pure line. Here the bold line does not make itself felt as directly as in some of the companion etchings. The artist, I should suppose, has had in mind the development of his details by a multiplicity of fine lines, which he may have considered better adapted for the maintenance of his tones. In other words, his work, as regards appearance, might be likened to an example of the modern school of "imitative" wood-engraving, rather than to an earlier specimen of engraving in pure line.

The signature of J. W. Champney, or "Champ," has become an old friend to the frequenters of our exhibitions and to many lovers of illustrated periodicals and books. Mr. Champney was born in Boston, in 1843. He was a student at the Lowell Institute. At the age of sixteen he entered the shop of a wood-engraver, and when twenty years of age he served in the Forty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts. For two years he taught drawing in the school of Dr. Dio Lewis, at Lexington, Mass. In 1866, Mr. Champney paid his first visit to Europe, studying in Paris, and spending the summer of 1867 at Écouen, as a pupil of Edouard Frère. In 1868 he was at the Antwerp Academy, soon returning to Paris, and continuing his study under Frère in 1869. His first *genre* picture, painted at this time, was purchased by Goupil & Co. The winter of 1869-70 was passed in Rome. After his return to this country, Mr. Champney made a sketching tour through Nova Scotia, and opened a studio in Boston, but revisited Europe in the spring of 1871 and in 1872. In 1873 he made a journey through the Southern States with Mr. Edward King, for whose book, "The Great South," Mr. Champney furnished the illustrations. In 1874 he went again to Europe, and in May, 1875, he visited the Basque Provinces of Northern Spain, during the Carlist Rebellion. Soon afterward Mr. Champney was commissioned by the editors of the French journal, *L'Illustration*, to furnish figure drawings of American life. Returning to America, Mr. Champney built a summer studio at Deerfield, Mass., which he still occupies, while his winter studio is in New York. After the opening of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., Mr. Champney was for a time the instructor in drawing and painting. Mr. Champney is a member of the American Water-Color Society, and an Associate National Academician.

For the greater part of this biographical outline I am indebted to that valuable book of reference, "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement and Mr. Laurence Hutton.



DRIVING SHEEP.

Drawn and Etched by F. A. S. Monks.

DRIVING SHEEP.

Drawn and Etched by J. A. S. Monks.

IN a remarkably brief time, Mr. Monks has gained an honorable rank as a specialist—a delineator of sheep. His specialty admits of more precise definition. He does not regard sheep as the artificial pictorial accessories which appear in Watteau's vivacious little paintings, nor does he attempt to humanize his subjects as Landseer's animals are humanized. He makes no attempt to evolve an ideal sheep and present it as the universal type, after a fashion which might commend itself, let us say, to the inner consciousness of the German, nor does he rely upon studio models of *papier-maché* or cotton wool, as I have always suspected to be the custom of that worthy gentleman the late Eugene Joseph Verboeckhoven. This elimination by comparison is in no spirit of fault-finding, least of all with artists whom the world has united to call great, but is meant rather as an aid in answering the question, "What results has this artist accomplished?"

It will be said that Mr. Monks's sheep are naturalistic. So they are, but they are more. His subjects are true to nature, worked out simply and honestly, with no effort at "prettifying," and each one of his sheep is apt to possess some individual characteristic. This, I think, fairly represents the opinion of those who have followed Mr. Monks's work in the Salmagundi and Water-Color Exhibitions, in etching, and in illustration, notably in the *Century Magazine*. More than this, Mr. Monks's subjects are always distinctively American. There is no lack of "intrinsic fitness, as college ethics have it, in emphasizing this quality in drawings of sheep. I venture to say that any New England farmer would recognize in Mr. Monks's delineations the sheep which graze upon his stony hills. They are not animals of high degree. Their pedigree is apt to be as uncertain as that of the farmer's house-dog. Their shortcomings are hidden under the broad generality of "native stock," while their virtues are assigned to "an infusion of Merino," for I believe flocks of pure-blooded Merinos are more common in name than in fact. These are not the sheep of pastoral idyls, watched by gentle shepherds and soothed by the piping of Strephon and Chloé, but the plain animals of every-day country life, the product not of the Eclogues, but of our soil. They are the sheep which in New England are driven reluctantly to the spring washing—possibly the episode of sheep life depicted here—and then are not

always dumb participants in the shearing—a time of excitement for the small boy of the farm, and yet a cold and business-like ceremony, lacking the spontaneous gaiety of farm festivals among warmer-blooded nations, and the local color of a Bavarian sheep shearing, for example, if we may trust Mr. Walter Shirlaw's picturesque account. Much the same are the sheep of the Western ranches, there exchanging involuntary dips in pure cold trout brooks for enforced medicinal baths in fuming tanks, from which they return to the plains horrible green and yellow monsters. In no such dreadful guise has the artist portrayed the sheep of our etching. This flock, straggling down the dusty road in leisurely, inquisitive, half-timorous fashion, unhurried by the driver in the rear, and mindful of the leader whose every tack and turn they follow, are seen against a New England background. Not that the tumble-down rail fence which tempts four-legged invaders comports well with our ideas of New England thrift, but we may take it as a side allusion to that much-discussed theme, "the decay of the native farming population." These drawings have a charm, for me at least, in the homeliness, to use the word in its true sense, with which Mr. Monks invests his subject. There was nothing of this in Verboeckhoven's "neat little packets," fresh from drawer or bandbox, which during the popularity of the Düsseldorf School among us, and even later, were enthusiastically received as triumphs of sheep painting. His were not Belgian sheep, they suggested only the studio. Now they are being superseded by the pastoral scenes of Charles Jacque, and by the compositions of three huge white and one black sheep, the favorites of Braith and Schenck, while Chialiva's sheep are beginning to find nutritious grazing ground on American soil. All these have their merits. In what I have said I refer for the most part to one consideration, regardless of others equally or more important, for I confess an interest in any manifestation of native feeling in our art. And so I dwelt upon the distinctively American flavor which I find in Mr. Monks's work, a flavor as distinctive as that of the American apple in John Burroughs's charming essay, and sure to recall to some who see this etching memories of the country homestead, or, perhaps, of a youth filled with scenes like this.

Mr. Monks is as yet a comparative novice in etching. Born at Cold Spring, on the Hudson, November 7, 1850, his first professional occupation was that of a wood engraver. After devoting himself to this art from 1869 to 1874 he began to study landscape painting under the late George N. Cass, and painted for a year with Mr. George Inness. From introducing sheep as simple accents or as incidents in his pictures, he came to make them his special study. Mr. Monks has exhibited with the Salmagundi Club, of which he is a member, with the Water-Color Society, and with the New York Etching Club. His first plate was etched only a year ago, and the number of his plates is therefore limited.



MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Drawn and Etched by S. G. McCutcheon.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Drawn and Etched by S. G. McCutcheon.

THE domestic *genre* has the wholesome taste of honest bread and butter rather than of strong meat. Both have their use. The simple themes of home life appeal to humanity on one side, the portrayal of the deeper emotions and darker passions on another. The latter is favored by the Latin races, the former by the Teutons and Anglo-Saxons. In France there was no opening for the art of the home under the classical school of David, nor until the value of nature's simplicity was enforced by Rousseau and his brethren. Millet, a peasant, and the son of a peasant, turned from his beautiful paintings of the nude to render the homely life of which he was a part. The peasant mother feeding her children at the door of her little cottage, or bringing water from the well, or spreading her linen upon a green bank;—such themes show his true feeling for the domestic as well as the field life of his people. With a like unconscious absorption Edouard Frère renders the child life of the French village. But the simple domestic *genre* has never become firmly established in the art of France. Run over the names of the greater French painters during the last generation and try to recall men who have devoted themselves to merely homely *genre*. Outside of landscapes, the ideal, and historical subjects, they have demanded something dramatic, impassioned, far-fetched, usually conscious.

The German painters have readily bent themselves to the interpretation of home life, of village festivities as we have seen elsewhere, and of all that goes to make up the everyday routine of the average man and woman. Twenty years ago pictures of this class, by artists of Teutonic blood, were more common among us than now. Unfortunately our most familiar example in these days is one whose rank as a painter is but mediocre—Meyer Von Bremen. The *genres* of Knaus, not an artist of the first merit, are not uncommon here, but those of the Dutch painter—Josef Israëls—are, to our great loss, almost unknown in this country. Thomas Faed, the Burns of Scottish art, never gained more than an extremely limited audience on this side of the Atlantic, while the works of Erskine Nicol, whose homely *genres* were the chief basis of his popularity in England, have been mainly introduced to Americans through the medium of engravings, although he was represented at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, at the National Academy in 1879, and a few of his pictures are owned among us. Our recent visitor, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, although often classed as

a painter of portraits and landscapes, gained a flattering success in 1878 with a picture of old women drinking tea in a workhouse, a subject humble enough certainly, but said to have been infused with humor and pathos. These casual allusions to a few artists, more or less well known to Americans, would grow into a formidable catalogue if I attempted any adequate mention of modern German, Dutch, and English painters of domestic *genre*. The very artlessness and simplicity of their themes render their pictures insipid to French painters. As has been often said, French art is emotional, that of the Teutons and English largely intellectual. The story-telling element which must enter into portrayals of actual human life is foreign to the conceptions and spirit of the Frenchman. Nor is there the feeling for and love of home among the Latin that the Northern races possess. This, more than any other reason, perhaps, explains the lack.

In our own art home subjects have met with plentiful appreciation. Winslow Homer, Eastman Johnson, T. W. Wood, J. W. Champney, S. J. Guy, E. W. Perry, J. G. Brown, and a score of other names will occur as painters of homely *genres*. And with the growth of the new school of detail painters, and the establishment of an Academy prize for figure painting, we may expect a continued increase in delineations of American domestic life.

Mr. McCutcheon's *genre*, however, portrays a scene in very modest Scotch life. The steaming kettle and the leisurely puffs of the bellows are associated with contented comfort, but the bent form and chastened expression of the white-haired widow suggest sorrows and trials beyond the knowledge of the mere spectator. The picture has the flavor of a page of Dickens. But it was not in such guise that Mrs. Weller prepared for the coming of Mr. Stiggins, nor would the jolly Mrs. Lupin thank us for a comparison with Mr. McCutcheon's subject. Poverty but not need is the story told by a survey of the room. There is the wherewithal for a merry sparkling fire, a cheerful cup of tea, and a savory stew, in which the vegetables upon the table no doubt will take a part. In an American kitchen this fire would be hidden in an "air-tight stove," and we should probably look in vain for wooden wainscoting and odd cupboard, while the bellows would long ago have graced some New York fireplace as "a family relic." This might well be a lodging-house keeper in some Scotch county town, possibly in some Edinburgh side-street, and her apparent woes may be caused by the high price of coal and "the goin's-on" of lodgers. Very unassuming is the subject, but sure to enlist a sympathy with the simple type of life represented.

With a sincere regret, I have to add that this etching is one of the very last works of Mr. McCutcheon's life. The receipt of the plate for "My Ain Fireside" was followed within a few weeks by the sad tidings of the artist's death.



THE PONTE SAN TRINITA.

Etched from Nature by Joseph Pennell.

THE PONTE SAN TRINITA.

Etched from Nature by Joseph Pennell.

MR. PENNELL may claim a legitimate excuse for crossing the ocean in search of a theme. But a characteristic of many of our younger artists, which has been criticised, and justly I think, is their preference for foreign subjects. In the exhibitions from year to year the changes are rung upon Ecouen, Concarneau, Scheveningen, scenes of Brittany peasant life, or Venetian marines. There is reason in the appeal to these artists to look to the material at home. In a cosmopolitan city like New York there is an abundance of diverse types for the figure painter, and there are even yet corners of old New York which are worth preservation on canvas or paper. The marine or landscape painter cannot afford to disregard the opportunities of the Atlantic sea-board and the Eastern and Southern States. Without multiplying instances, let it be said that the West remains almost unexplored. The artists who first visited the Far West were too much moved by the gigantic and the extraordinary to maintain the demands of the pictorial in their work. Of late, two or three men have begun an intelligently sympathetic rendering of Indian life. A few others have realized that the remote Southwest offers an atmosphere as clear and brilliant as that of Spain, with a direct inheritance from Spain in its architecture and customs. Their example may, I trust, stimulate others to follow in their steps.

Such suggestions, however, can hardly apply to an artist like Mr. Pennell, who has utilized his home material before journeying abroad "in search of the picturesque." The quaint out-of-the-way corners, and curious old buildings of his native city, Philadelphia, were the first subjects to enlist the services of his needle. I remember, at the first exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Etchers, a fascinating series of etchings which reproduced the "Rising Sun Inn," "Fisher's Mills," "Foxchase Inn," the "Germantown Academy," and other landmarks in and near Philadelphia. It was a fitting sign of appreciation that these etchings should be owned by the Historical Society of the State. Let us hope that some member of the New York Etching Club may perform the same service, so far as opportunity offers, for his own city. I recall a second series of etchings in illustration of Mr. G. W. Cable's stories, indicating Mr. Pennell's acquaintance with some unusual phases of New Orleans as well as of Philadelphia.

After this home work was worthily accomplished, Mr. Pennell, in the winter of 1883, visited Florence, where he found subjects for several etchings. That selected here is one of the historical bridges across the Arno. These bridges, we may infer, took a firm hold upon the fancy of the artist. In addition to our subject, he has etched the "Ponte Vecchio," probably the oldest bridge in the city, distinguished by the stalls of the goldsmiths, and the gallery running from the Pitti Palace to the Uffizzi and Palazzo Vecchio. On the Ponte San Trinita there is nothing to hide the free sweep of the outlines, nor to mar the broad curves of the arches. A row of ancient mansions and the lofty Campanile lend a suggestive interest to the background. The charm of the etching, as a picture, lies in the splendid lines of the bridge itself, a structure exquisitely simple, yet rarely beautiful in form.

The delicacy and nervous force peculiar to the artist are apparent throughout this work. In the suggestiveness of his manner Mr. Pennell has been likened to Whistler, in Whistler's better moods, but Mr. Pennell states that he has chiefly studied Hamerton and Lalanne. It would be wiser, therefore, for those fond of comparisons, to look to Mr. Hamerton's quick sketchy style when etching from nature, or to Lalanne's graceful elegance, for a likeness to Mr. Pennell. His work is nothing if not suggestive. This fine quality will be recognized even by critics, who object that he bites his shadows so deeply as to lose the sense of form beneath. The paper always has much to do in his proofs, and some of the lines may appear degenerating into scratchiness, but his etchings contain a spirit which might be lost by more elaboration.

Let us hear Mr. Pennell's pleasant gossip regarding his methods. "I don't know that I differ in any way from others who work directly from nature. The shadows of the bridge were drawn in, and then I took the plate home (I lived very near), bit it, then drew in the middle distance, bit that, and afterward the extreme distance. . . . My way of working is not easy to describe. Sometimes I work from nature, again from sketches or photographs; at times in the bath, and by the old stopping-out process. My only guidance is my own feelings and the method which I think at the time may produce the best result. I have, it is true, invented a new process, but I would not advise any one to take it up. This is to take a feature, draw it, put it in a bath of medium strength, and pour pure acid on it in various places. The result is usually disastrous, but quick. The agony is soon over."

Mr. Pennell was born in Philadelphia, July 4, 1858, and has passed the greater part of his life in that city. He writes, "I have never studied regularly more than six months anywhere, save from nature, but I have gathered my knowledge, whatever it may amount to, from Hamerton and Lalanne, although experience and many failures have been my principal teachers." Mr. Pennell's professional work has been almost entirely as an etcher and in drawing for illustration. He is a member of the Society of Painter-Etchers of London, the New York Etching Club, the Philadelphia Society of Etchers, and other similar organizations.



London
April 1853

THE EVENING STAR.

Drawn and Etched by Walter Satterlee.

THE EVENING STAR.

Drawn and Etched by Walter Satterlee.

MR. SATTERLEE has become well recognized as a figure painter during the sixteen years that he has exhibited in oils and water-colors. For his etchings he has invariably selected figures—ideal subjects—as in the present instance. "The Evening Star" is a design originated as well as etched by Mr. Satterlee, and may therefore be called thoroughly characteristic. The artist depicts the rising of the star in the west, the undulations of the draperies telling of the evening breeze and the upward flight, and the light of the quaint old lantern streaming out to meet the twilight. As to the pose and expression of the face, naïve delight, shy surprise, or whatever the idea may be, I may be sure my readers will prefer their own interpretations to mine.

Very likely other subjects may be recalled bearing some resemblance to this, for it is natural enough that in the personification of stars, the elements, or natural phenomena, poets and artists should occasionally cross each others' paths. Indeed, the poets may fairly maintain a special and prior claim to the "stars, which are the poetry of heaven!"

There are Campbell's verses, "To the Evening Star:"

"Gem of the crimson colored even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay."

"The pale purple even melts around thy flight,"

to quote lines upon another theme,

"And in the sky the stars have met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

Or I might apply to Mr. Satterlee's creation one of Byron's more familiar verses:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies:
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

It must be acknowledged that other mediums than the one selected here interpret more fully as regards the flesh, at least, the class of subjects which is the favorite of our artist. That is to say, not all the beauties of "the human body, with all its exquisite forms and retreating curves, delicate grays and reds, and soft palpitating flesh," are attainable with the etcher's needle. Waltner has had some success in rendering the nude figure by the use of dry point for the flesh, removing the bur or ridge of metal ploughed up by the point on the plate, and employing pure etching for the background. Doubtless Mr. Satterlee could have presented the charms of this half-bared bosom more favorably in oils or water-colors, but he would have lost the excellent chance for the use of pure line in the curves of the flowing draperies, although I imagine he has evidently been interested in indicating the texture of these robes by cross-hatching, and broken lines varied by deep bitings. I think it will be conceded that this figure gains not only from the color of the ink, but from the support received in printing. As Mr. Satterlee says, "The printing is very important, especially for figures; the lights taken out with skill and the lines softened, adding so much to the effect." In reference to his technical processes, he tells us that his "method is a very simple one, using the nitric acid bath, keeping the plate in a certain time in a warm temperature, removing it and stopping out the faint delicate lines, then returning it and biting the strong lines."

Any biographical allusion to Mr. Walter Satterlee must be at the risk of repeating facts already familiar to those who study our annual exhibitions. I may say, however, that he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1844, and was graduated from Columbia College. Beginning his study of art in the schools of the National Academy of Design, he spent some time in the studio of the late Edwin White, in New York. At a later date, he became a pupil of Léon Bonnat, in Paris, and continued his studies at Rome. Mr. Satterlee began to exhibit at the National Academy about 1868, sending two paintings, "Autumn Turning the Leaves" and "Count Fosco." In 1873 he was elected a member of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, now known as the American Water-Color Society. In 1874 Mr. Satterlee visited Rome, contributing to New York exhibitions from that city. At the Centennial Exhibition he was represented by "Marguerite," in oil, and "Far-Away Thoughts" and "One Hundred Years Ago," in water-colors. Since his debut, Mr. Satterlee's pictures have been seen yearly at the Academy and Water-Color exhibitions, and at the prominent exhibitions of other cities. He is a member of the Academy of Design, the New York Etching Club, and the American Art Union, as well as of the Water-Color Society.



THE DUCK'S PARADISE.

Drawn and Etched by Charles Volkmar.

Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and the gallery of Mr. W. T. Walters in Baltimore, and the Barye Monument, presented by Mr. Walters to the latter city. No more enthusiastic, hard-working, and accurate artist than Barye has lived in this century, and it would be strange if he had failed to impart to his pupils something of his own insight into, and love for, animal life.

But plastic art was not to absorb Mr. Volkmar's energies. It was probably by his study with Henri Harpignies that his thoughts were turned toward his present specialty. He continued to etch, and exhibited in the Paris Salon several etchings which were praised by the French press. At our Centennial Exhibition he was represented by paintings and etchings, and was awarded a medal. Mr. Volkmar is a well-known worker in water-colors and black and white, and he is an active member of the Salmagundi Club.



Wm. J. Wood

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT.

Painted by Himself.

Etched from the Painting, by J. S. King.

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT.

Painted by Himself. Etched by J. S. King.

AS the etchings after "important" oil-paintings which appear among us are chiefly by foreign artists, an especial interest attaches to Mr. King's robust etching from a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, in the Louvre at Paris. Those who have noted the source of the yearly increasing collections of prints shown by our large dealers will hardly dispute the prevalency of foreign authorship. Among the modern French masters still most popular in this country I cannot recall one etched by an American, although the fact that their popularity is not always an intelligent one does not exclude our possession of some of their finest works. Still there is much to be thankful for in the diffusion of Waltner's etching of Millet's "Angelus," which, perchance, may yet cross the seas, to say nothing of the etchings of "The Sower," in the Vanderbilt collection, and of "The Gleaners," perhaps as well known as anything which Millet has left us. We find the landscapes of Corot and Daubigny interpreted for us through the etchings of Chauvel and Brunet-Debaines. Evidently the hold which the etching has upon our public is firmly established. Its advance is not checked, as far I can see, by the endless variety of process prints. The steel engraving is quite pushed aside. Autotypes and photogravures there are which well deserve high esteem, but the more costly etching holds its own. Indeed there is a demand for the later prints from well-worn plates—a demand almost inexplicable, unless possibly on the theory that there is to be found even in a poorly printed, blurred etching some trace of the artist translator's personality which a photogravure cannot give.

Clearly there is an audience here, and, so far as modern French art is concerned, there is material worthy of the etching needle, although limited to private collections. Such Continental etchers as Flameng, his famous pupil Rajon, and Wilhelm Unger, than whom none have attained a more durable fame in etching from paintings, have had the incentive of the boundless wealth of great pictures accumulated in European galleries from Madrid to St. Petersburg. It is not strange that our etchers have usually worked from their own sketches or paintings, or directly from nature, considering their infrequent inducements to attempt the translation of the spirit of a master. This is a specialty yet to be developed among us, and it is encouraging

evidence of the broadening scope of our etching to find such manly, honest work as Mr. King's in a field still comparatively untouched. Let us hope that others may follow him, and make the most of such stray old masters as Mr. Marquand's examples of Rembrandt and Franz Hals, and of our worthier pictures by the great French painters.

We can readily believe that Mr. King's subject has offered peculiar temptations and peculiar trials as well. It is inviting because of the strong contrasts in the masses of deep shade and the areas of high lights, and the range of tones from the blackness of the bust to the full light upon the right side of the face. It is trying, because, although the extremes of black and white are easy, the subtler intermediate tones of the painter are beyond the etcher's reach. For the etcher cannot present complete *chiar-oscuro*. He can only suggest it to our imaginations. Notice the successive gradations from the hair on the right of the head to the plane of light on the subject's left. The transparent shadow on the left side of the face, the etcher has indicated by cross-hatching his lines and biting them in boldly, yet leaving points of white between. The feeling of atmosphere is impracticable here, and the left outline of the face shows more clearly in consequence. The strongest light on the right side of the face and the temple is evidently rendered by the familiar process of stopping out the fine lines. The coarse, deeply bitten lines of the bust and portions of the background, with their cross-hatching, show that Mr. King believes in working out all the points of his etching upon his plate. Aside from his success in catching the spirit of his subject, I think this proof entitled to especial notice as a markedly vigorous and serious work. Mr. King, I believe, was at one time a steel engraver, and this may account somewhat for the care and elaboration bestowed upon this plate. It might be said that there is no indication of form in the shoulder or arm; that the shadows in the hair should have been more deeply bitten; that the hair itself is too coarse in texture, and rather over-ridden by the background at the top; but these seem to me very minor criticisms, and I think others, like myself, will find this a thoughtful, well-worked-up etching—a work of art which gives us genuine pleasure, and is therefore to be praised. Possibly some resemblance may be traced between Mr. King's work and Unger's etchings of similar subjects—paintings by Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Franz Hals, to carry the list no further. It will not be strange to find the obstacles of tone less obvious, and the style of the painter more clearly conveyed in the work of the veteran foreign etchers; but I fancy that any of my readers who saw Unger's etching of a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, in the Paris Exposition of 1878, will retain considerable respect for the achievements of this young American.

Mr. King is still a young man, and it is only within a short time that he has dropped the burin to take up the etcher's needle. His work at the exhibitions of the New York Etching Club has received notice only to be construed as most encouraging, on account of the firmness in handling, solidity, and certainty of results. This, I believe, is his first appearance in a collection of this kind.



THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

Drawn by Fortuny. Etched by F. J. Calahan.

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THE "Mandolin Player" was the subject of a water-color by Fortuny, of whom it has been not inaptly said that he was to Art what Chopin was to Music. And yet any hasty characterization of this early extinguished genius seems as flat and pointless as the works of many among the swarms of his imitators. The "Mandolin Player" is owned in this country. It was purchased by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, only to be sold at the Johnston sale in 1876, when its dimensions were given as ten inches high by seven wide. The subject recalls a discussion of Fortuny by Mr. Comyns Carr, who wrote: "Fortuny's painting possessed a mastery which forced admiration. . . . All common gesture, all vulgar expression in the countenance, are completely under his control. The faces he paints have no beauty, but they bear upon them faithfully the record that coarse life leaves; they have as much the mark of fashion as the costume that goes with them; they are attuned to all the trivialities of the existence that surrounds them." This etching was made from a photograph of the water-color. Another plate has been etched after the same subject by Mr. S. J. Ferris.

"In regard to the procedure with this plate," writes Mr. Calahan, "it was done as all my plates are done, by the continuous process, working in and out of the bath, adding a little here and there in the darkest places, giving a good 'nip' before adding other lines, frequently taking the plate out of the bath for inspection, using weak acid and a feather to remove bubbles, etc. After I had taken a proof on my own press I found some retouching necessary, which I did with pure acid, taking care to lift it with a good thick blotter, and finishing here and there with the dry-point. This method I find saves 'rebanking'—a slow and disagreeable process, which I even find preferable to the job of cleaning the heavy coat of varnish from the back of the plate. It also saves ground, turpentine, etc., a long and tedious course of washing and cleaning, and the most important factor—time."

Like Dr. Haden, in London, Dr. Yale, in New York, and others, Mr. Calahan has practised etching in such leisure time as business cares could spare to art. Born in Boston, in 1841, he was employed between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one in the Merchants' Exchange as ship-news recorder and telegraph operator. Here his

working hours were from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M., and once a fortnight he enjoyed the privilege of waiting all night to signal a Cunarder. There was little time then for the study of art. In 1862 Mr. Calahan came to New York, and after a month or two was transferred to the seat of war as a telegraph operator. Since his return he has been engaged in telegraphy, following the fortunes of his two older brothers, "one of whom is the inventor of the Gold and Stock Telegraph, the American District Telegraph, and co-inventor of the Synchronous Multiplex System." From early life, the few hours which Mr. Calahan could snatch from his duties have been constantly devoted to the study of art in its various branches. He never attended an art school, nor received a lesson, beyond an occasional suggestion. He has done some modeling and painted a few pictures in oil, but his other occupations have given him but little chance for improvement in these directions. Therefore he abandoned other branches of art, temporarily, as he hopes, for the quicker interpretation with the needle.

Haden gave him his first impulse, and Hamerton showed him the path. Mr. Calahan saw an etching by Dr. Haden at the Academy and was at once moved to try his powers with the needle. He drew a volume of Hamerton from a public library, took notes of methods, and set to work. "My first mordant was Hamerton's, or rather that used by Haden, which after a fair trial with good results I abandoned, partly on account of its slowness, but more particularly for its difficulty to make up. Then I adopted nitric acid." Mr. Calahan's usual method has already been described. He has etched some forty-three plates, eight or nine of which are of rather small size. His more important work includes a marine, called "The Spanish Fisherman," and several successful portraits, particularly that of Dr. Samuel Osgood, which was published in the "Genealogical Register," of Boston, for the New England Society. This etching received the warm approval of Mrs. Osgood, and the etcher was complimented by such an expert as Mr. William Schaus.



GRANDPA.

Drawn by Hugo Kauffmann.

Etched by Katherine Levin.

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Drawn by Hugo Kauffmann. Etched by Katherine Levin.

THE typical "Grandpa" is supposed to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness, but the character painted by Hugo Kauffmann and etched by Miss Levin has a sombre cast of countenance, as if disapproving of his degenerate descendants, and convinced of the vanity of earth. He is supposed to be a miller living in an Austrian village. Some village festival has caused him, I fear, reluctantly to don holiday attire, and he has walked slowly out, his useful staff in hand, only "a looker-on in Vienna." The frosts of age have chilled his sympathies, it would seem, for he looks a severe moralist who would frown upon dance or game or other youthful sport. To quote the artist, "He says the world is all upside down. One man is hungry and eats till he can eat no more, another is thirsty and drinks till he can drink no more—but still, let them go on enjoying it if they can." So we are to assume that to our venerable friend the world seems as thickly placarded with the mournful "*Vanitas Vanitatum*" as American scenery with advertisements of patent medicines.

As to the method employed in "Grandpa's" conversion into an etching, the entire drawing was first made upon a grounded plate, which was then immersed in a bath consisting of three parts water and one part nitric acid—no wonder "Grandpa's" face has a soured look. The temperature was sixty degrees. The record of bitings was as follows, the parts being "stopped-out" in their order after each biting. For the lightest part of the face, four minutes; for the parts of the face next in tone and for the hair, six minutes; for other portions of the face, and for the hands and a part of the hat, ten minutes; and for the coat, fifty-five minutes, thus making a total of seventy-five minutes. Then a proof was taken and the plate found to be underbitten. Another ground was laid and the face and hands worked upon and rebitten for four minutes. Another proof was taken to show the artist the progress of the work, and finally the blacks in the heavy shadows were worked in and bitten for thirty minutes. After this "Grandpa" appeared as we see him now.

Miss Levin is a native of Philadelphia, a city ranking next to New York in its number of etchers and hardly second to the metropolis in the diffusion of interest in this art. The Phillips and Claghorn collection of prints have had something to do

with the local development of etching. As the home of members of the Sartain and Moran families, and of Messrs. Stephen Parrish and Joseph Pennell, there have been many influences at work in Philadelphia to stimulate expression through the medium of the etcher's needle. Neither Mr. Parrish nor Mr. Pennell are among our older etchers, but Mr. Peter Moran, whose home is in Philadelphia, was one of the few actively interested in the art before the revival of etching became general in this country. At present the number of woman etchers in the City of Brotherly Love is an interesting feature of its art life. The Philadelphia sisterhood includes Emily Moran, Edith Loring Pierce, Blanche Dillaye, Margaret W. Lesley, Eleanor Matlack, and Gabrielle D. Clements. In New York, Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran worthily illustrates woman's work with the needle, but Mrs. Moran and Mrs. Eliza Greator are almost our only woman etchers.

The artist whose work is before us began, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a course of study, which was continued under Miss Emily Sartain and Mr. William Sartain with the idea of making portraiture her specialty. Latterly she has devoted considerable attention to out-door sketching, particularly along the New England coast. "In regard to etching," Miss Levin writes, "I may say that, like Topsy, 'I growed,' with frequent references to Lalanne and Hamerton." During the last year Miss Levin has etched several plates for Philadelphia publishers. For three years she has frequently exhibited her work in New York, Brooklyn, and Boston, as well as in her native city.



